Mājas Draugs

2. gads | Augusts, 1951 | 8./18./nr.

TU ZINI... KAS LABS UN KAS ĻAUNS.

Mākslinieka ANŠA BERZIŅA zīmējums Rom. vēstules 2.nodaļas 18.pantam.

Bēdīgie un grūtsirdīgie, atsaucieties!

''Nāciet šurp pie manis visi, kas esat bēdīgi un grūtsirdīgi, es jūs gribu atvieglināt.'' Mat. ev. 11, 28

SENA teiksma stāsta par karaļdēlu, kas meklējis laimīgu cilvēku. Viņam bijis ilgi jāmeklē. Laime ir steidzīga. Tā noglāsta bērnam galvu, tā uzsmaida jauneklim, tā pasniedz spieķi sirmgalvim, un prom tā ir. Velti saukt, meklēt, taujāt.

Bēdas nesteidzas. Tās pārsteidz. Tās uzbrūk. Tās nāk kā negaisa padebess un satriec, salauž visu, ko tu dēstījis, audzējis, lolojis, cēlis. Vienalga, vai bēdu padebess, vai krusas negaiss pāri gājis, aina ir tā pati. Jā tie nav notriekti zari, ar visām saknēm izgāsti koki un sasista druva, tad tie ir satriekti, salausti cilvēki un apspiesta, nomākta tauta. Spēka vīrs, kad pār to nobrucis bēdu padebess, meklē spieķi. Bērna sejā ir izgaisis bērna gaišais smaids. Jaunekļa dziesmai pagaisuši vārdi.

Vēl ļaunāka par bēdām ir grūtsirdība. Bēdas nāk kā negaisa padebess, grūtsirdība - sīks sijātājs lietus - auksts, nemīlīgs, apnicīgs, bezgalīgs. Tu stāvi pie loga un raugies: Kad taču saule paspīdēs, kad mākoņi pašķirsies? Bet lietus sijā un sijā, smidzina un midzina un nepārstāj. Tavas istabas logs aizraso. Un aizrasojis ir arī tavas dvēseles logs. Tu neredzi vairs pasaulē nekā laba. Tu nekā laba neceri vairs. Tu nekā laba negaidi vairs. Tev liekas viss velti, viss pagalam.

Bēdas māca Dievu lūgt. Bēdas liek rokas salikt. Bēdas ved uz dievnamu. Bēdas dzen, skubina, tuvina Dievam. Dvēsele, kaut satriekta, salausta, ievainota, lūko celties. Tā traucas uz augšu. Tā sniedzas pretī Dievam.

Grūtsirdība ir sastingums, pamirums, nedzīstoša vāts. Lēna nogrimšana bez skaņas, bez sauciena: Palīgā! Un taču tieši te palīgs visvairāk vajadzīgs.

Bēdīgie un grūtsirdīgie! Viens meklē jūs un grib jums palīdzēt, jūs glabt. Kā kādreiz naktī pa vētraino jūru, viņš iet arī pār bēdu un grūtsirdības purvu, kuŗā jūs grimstat dziļāk un dziļāk. Dzirdiet, viņš sauc jūs! Atsaucieties! Dzirdiet viņš aicina jūs: Nāciet šurp pie manis visi, kas esat bēdīgi un grūtsirdīgi, es jūs gribu atvieglināt! Jūs taču pazīstat Viņa balsi. - Atsaucieties! Kristus var jūs atvieglināt.

Nav mūsu Pestītāja zemes dzīve bijusi viegla. Tur ir sastapšanās ar visstulbāko nesaprašanu, visaltākajiem meliem, visdziļākajiem pazemojumiem, visnekrietnākajiem apmelojumiem, visbrutālāko varmācību. Jā, tur pat ir brīdis, kad Dieva dēlam jāizsaucas: Mans Dievs, mans Dievs, vai patiesi tu mani esi atstājis, un kāpēc tu mani esi atstājis? - Piederīgie, tuvinieki viņu nesaprot. Pēc viņu domām, viņš vienkārši ir bez prāta. Vieniem šķiet piedauzīgs viņa dzīves veids, otri nevar samierināties ar to, ka viņa dzimtene ir kaut kur nomalē, Galilejā, pagānu apvidū: Kas gan no Nācaretes labs var nākt? - Farizēji viņu ienīst, apskauž, vajā. Uzpirkti, samaksāti ļaudis viņu apmelo. Varmācīgs valdnieks liek nogalināt cilvēku, kuŗu Viņš visvairāk cienījis, visaugstāk vērtējis. Jānis Kristītājs mirst vienkāršas despota kaprizes dēļ. Glēvs visuvarenās Romas pārstāvis vienā vārdā saka: nevainīgs, otrā - labi, lai notiek, kā jūs vēlaties. Un kad jāizvēlas, apmulsināts pūlis izvēlas - noziedznieku.

Ir viņa dzīvē brīži, kad viņa vaigs apmācas kā saule, bet drīz vien tas atkal noskaidrojas. Ap viņa galvu staro atkal lēnprātības un pazemības vainags. Ir viņa dzīvē brīži, kad bēdu negaiss sabango arī Viņa dvēseles brīnišķīgi skaidros ūdeņus, kad grūtsirdības lietus sijā pār viņa garīgā darba lauka sējumu. Bet lēnprātība un pazemība viņu sargā un tura, kā - divi eņģeļi, kam Tas Kungs pats pavēlējis, kā - divas rokas: ar vienu Viņš apkampis savu sīko, nevarīgo zemes brāli, ar otru satvēris sava debess Tēva roku ...

Bēdīgie un grūtsirdīgie! Atsaucieties! Kristus jūs meklē. Kristus vēlas un var jūs atvieglināt. Lēnprātība un pazemība nospodrina dvēseles aizrasojušo logu. Kristus ir lēnprātība un pazemība pati. No Viņa mums jāmācās: Lēnprātība pret tiem, kas ap mums, pazemība pret To, kas pār mums. Bēdīgie un grūtsirdīgie, Kristus jūs meklē. Atsaucieties! Pulcējaties ap Viņu, lēnprātīgo un pazemīgo draudzē. Tai ir brīnišķīgs apsolījums: Augstprātīgajiem Dievs pretojas, pazemīgos Viņš apžēlo; un - svētīgi lēnprātīgie, - tie iemantos zemi.

EDVARTS TŪTERS

Dieva uguns

IZDEGUSI SĪKĀ DAKTS -
TUMSA LOGA RŪTĪS.
DZIĻI DEG UN NEIZDZIEST
SĀPJU UGUNS KRŪTĪS.

PIENĀKS NAKTS, KAD IZDZISĪS
ARĪ SĀPJU UGUNS;
MŪŽAM DEGS UN NEDZISĪS
DVES'LE - DIEVA UGUNS.

MĀCĪTĀJS A. VEINBERGS

Miers

(MĀJU DIEVVĀRDIEM)

"UN PIENĀCIS TUVU, VIŅŠ PILSETU IERAUDZĪJIS, RAUDĀJA PAR VIŅU UN SACĪJA: KAUT ARĪ TU ŠODIEN ZINĀTU, KAS TEV PIE MIERA VAJADZĪGS! BET VEL TAS IR APSLĒPTS TAVĀM ACĪM."
(Lūk. ev. 19, 41, 42).

Meld.: Man Kristus dzīvībiņa.

ES GĀJU DAŽU TEKU
UN MIERU MEKLĒJU,
BET ATRADU TIK GRĒKU
UN SIRDI BAILĪGU.

ES PRIEKU BAUDĪT GĀJU
UN ĪSTU LĪKSMĪBU,
BET SĀPES TIKAI KRĀJU
UN DVĒS'LES NĒMIERU.

TAD MANAS KĀJAS GĀJA
PIE KRUSTA GOLGATĀ,
TUR MANI DZĻEDINĀJA
TĀ JĒRA CIEŠANA.
(Dz. grām. 84).

PAR kaŗu un mieru tagad raksta laikraksti, par to runā tauta, un tas atbalsojas arī dievnamos. Tas dara šo tematu aktuālu, bet tas ir reizē arī visu laiku temats, jo pareizi Fr. Bārda nosaucis mūs par mūžīgajiem "nemiera bērniem."

Vārds "miers" izceļas arī mūsu tekstā, šajos nedaudzajos, tomēr nozīmīgajos, neaizmirstamajos Jēzus vārdos, un liek arī mums par to domāt.

I.

Kas ir tas miers, par ko Jēzus runā?

No Eļļas kalna nogāzes Jēzus priekšā atveŗas plašs jauks skats uz tik daudzu apbrīnoto, apjūsmoto pilsētu, pēc Bābeles trimdas atjaunoto jauno Jeruzalemi, ar visām svētajām vietām, īpaši Heroda Lielā atjaunoto Zalamana dievnamu.

Jēzus noskatās no kalna. Kāds gleznotājs to mēģinājis uztvert naksnīgā ainavā ar mēness blāvo gaismu un uguntiņām starp tikko saskatāmām mūŗu kontūrām pāri Ķidronas ielejai. Glezna un Jēzus tēls tik izteiksmīgs, ka liekas, Jēzus tūlīt teiks: Jeruzaleme, Jeruzaleme, kaut tu zinātu... Tā pati pilsēta, kur, kopā ar tik daudziem svētceļniekiem, Jēzus reiz bija bijis bērna gados, pie tēva un mātes rokas. Kā toreiz pukstēja viņa sirds visu redzēt, piedzīvot lielo laimi būt Jeruzalemē, lielajā dievnamā. - Tā pati pilsēta, kas ar gavilēm viņu saņēma, ziedus kaisot un drēbes ceļā izklājot. Notikums jau ir Pūpolu svētdienas notikums. - Tā pati pilsēta, pa kuŗas ielām drīz, drīz virzīsies kāds gājiens, bēdīgākais cilvēces vēsturē, un šim gājienam varbūt var līdzināties tikai mūsu gadsimta gājieni - apcietināto pulciņi Latvijas lielceļos 14. jūnija agrā rītā, aizrestotie vagoni ar izmisušām mātēm un raudošiem bērniem, toreiz un laikam jau arī vēl tagad. Tā pilsēta.... kas Jēzum gavilēja un kas brēca: sit viņu krustā. Kas pierādīja, cik ļauns, cik zems, cik bezsirdīgs var c i l v ē k s būt.

Reiz kāda skolotāja jautāja, un tādas domas šur tur pacēluši arī citi - kāpēc mums jāpiemin, jādaudzina Jeruzaleme? Tā taču mums sveša, vai nevar labāk runāt par kādu pazīstamu pilsētu? Nē, Jeruzaleme pirmo reizi, un tā, lai tas paliktu kā simbols visu laiku attiecīgai rīcībai, parādīja, kāds var būt cilvēks. Un kāds tas ir? Kas ir tie ļaudis, kas tur staigā viņā pusē Ķidronas ielejai, šai pilsētā kalnā, ko visi redz un kas nevar palikt apslēpta? Ko redz Jēzus tālu un visu redzošās acis? Kas tie ļaudis tādi ir un no kurienes tie nākuši? - Tie esam arī mēs. Jēzus redz tur ejam arī tevi un mani.

Mēs gan varbūt kratīsimies nost un purināsim galvas - nē, nē, nav tiesa, es gan tur neesmu. Es tur neeju un nekad neesmu staigājis. Es esmu cits cilvēks, citā laikmetā, citos apstākļos. Un tomēr - vai t u zini, kas tev vajadzīgs, kas ir labais, vērtīgais? Ko pie tava miera vajag?

Cik savādi tas skan, ja to attiecina arī uz tevi pašu. Bet vai tev ir miers - mājās, ģimenē? - Kad tev jāizcīna smaga eksistences cīņa, ģimene ir tava miera un atpūtas vieta. Laimes sala pasaules nemiera un naida jūŗā. Oaze izdegušā tuksnesī. Tur beidzas konkurences naids, cilvēka ekspluatācija, veikals un aprēķins. Tur nav spēkā visuvarenais egoisma likums. Tur cilvēki dzīvo sava tuvākā labklājībai. Bet vai tas tā ir? Vai ir bijis visu laiku? Vai tas tikai sapnis un vēlēšanās? Cik ģimenēs trimda neradīja apstākļus, kādus Irma Grebzde tēlo savā romānā Cilvēki bez ceļa. Ar aizlauzto skolotāju, ģimenes galvu un sievu, kas nav dzīvojusi, bet kā verdzene kalpojusi savam vīram un kuŗai nu reiz pamodusies vēlēšanās dzīvot - dzīvot savu pašas dzīvi, pēc pašas gribas un patikas, un kur ģimnazijas pēdējā klase nostādīta problēmu priekšā tikumiskās un ģimenes dzīves jautājumos, par ko senāk kauns būtu runāt.

Miers ģimenē. Un cieši ar to saistīts - miers s i r d ī. Tīrā, skaidrā, neaptraipītā sirdsapziņa. Ka tu vari visiem taisni acīs skatīties un sacīt - jā, to labāko, ko varējis, esmu darījis. Neesmu zadzis, melojis, aprunājis. Un citi var par tevi teikt - lūk vīrs, pie kuŗa nav viltības! Kur tādu vīru ņemsim? Droši viņu varētu izstādīt citu ļaužu apbrīnošanai un priekšzīmei, bet - kur tādu ņemsim? Kur ir tas vīrs, kuŗam sirdī var būt pilnīgs miers, jo - viņš nav grēkojis?

Kāmer ir grēks, kamēr nav cilvēkam saderības ar Dievu, cilvēki velti cēluši starptautisku problēmu risināšanai Miera pili, velti dibinājuši Tautu savienību, kas nepasargāja no kaŗa, un velti iedomājušies, ka t.s. Apvienotās nacijas ir patiesi apvienotās nacijas, kur mierīgi risinās domstarpības tie, kas uz Dievu paļaujas kopā ar tiem, kam nav ne Dieva, ne velna.

K. KUNDZIŅŠ

A i c i n ā j u m s

JŪS BRĀĻI, NO ZEMES VISTĀLĀKĀM MALĀM,
NO RĪTIEM, NO VAKARIEM, SAULE KUR RIET,
NO ZIEMEĻIEM NĀCIET, NO AIZJŪRAS SALĀM,
KUR MŪŽĪGĀ SKAISTUMĀ VASARA ZIED:
KAM KRŪTĪS DEG RETA,
LAI SIRSNĪBĀ SVETĀ
PIE ALTĀRA BIJĪGI CEĻUS NU LOKĀ,
TAD SVETĪBU PIEŠĶIRS TAM DIEVIŠĶĀ ROKA.

AK, DRAUGI, DRĪZ IZBEIDZAS LAIMĪBAS DIENAS,
TĀS AIZSLĪD KĀ ĒNAS, KĀ ZIEDI TĀS IRST.
STARP ROŽEM DAŽS ERKŠĶIS MUMS VAIŅAGĀ SIENAS,
PATS KRĀŠŅĀKAIS VAIŅAGS REIZ PUTEKĻOS BIRST.
TIK VIENAM IR VARA,
KAS DZĪVUS MŪS DARA:
UZ DIEVU MES MIRSTĪGIE ACIS LAI CEĻAM,
TĀ AVOTOS MŪŽĪGU DZĪVĪBU SMEĻAM.

MIRDZ SVETNĪCA BALTA, PRET ZVAIGZNĒM TĀ CEĻAS,
KĀ AIZSAULES BRĪNUMS TĀ LAISTĀS UN ZIB.
GAN DRAUDĪGAS BANGAS PRET PAMATIEM VEĻAS,
BET VELTĪ TĀS TRAKO UN POSTĪT TOS GRIB.
NO CIEŠANU ZELTA
ŠĪ SVETNĪCA CELTA.
TUR DVĒSELES LAIMI UN ATPŪTU BAUDĪS
DIEVS PATS BŪS PIE VIŅAM UN MES - VIŅA ĻAUDIS.

Pieskaņots meldijai Cik jauki, cik skaisti, Vītola meld. gr. No.86

2.

Kāpēc mums cilvēkiem nav miera? - Mēs ejam savus, ne Dieva ceļus. Prasām pēc savas gribas un sava labuma. - Jēzus raud. Nav daudz vietu evaņģelijos, kas stāsta - Jēzus raud. Vienīgi pie drauga Lācara kapa un te. Jēzum žēl cilvēku. Žēl ne tik daudz pilsētas, skaistā dievnama, kas sabruks, bet žēl cilvēku.

Dievnami un pilsētas ir sabrukušas arī mūsu priekšā un mūsu acis redzējušas izpostīšanas dūmu stabus un arī mūsu drēbes draudējusi aizdedzināt kāda dzirksts no pasaules lielā ugunsgrēka. Bet vai būtu tāds ugunsgrēks, un vai būtu arī visas malas pilnas ugunsgrēka dzirkšu tagadējā pasaulē, ja grēks nevaldītu pasaulē un ja cilvēks un politiķi nevadītu pasauli pa saviem un ne pa Dieva ceļiem. - Cik tādēļ zīmīgi ir Jēzus vārdi visugudram, visuzinošam un visuspēcīgajam cilvēkam - kaut tu zinātu! Bet šodien tas vēl ir apslēpts tavām acīm.

Slimais bieži nezin, ka ir slims. Sevišķi, tas, kam slima dvēsele, iedragāts gars, apzinājas sevi par visspējīgāko, jeb vismaz citu un citādu nekā īstenībā ir. Mūsu laikmets zin, ka nav labi. Tāpēc nemiers, meklēšana un mokas. Un cilvēks pats mēģina pacelties pāri, pārvarēt nemieru un bailes. Bet cik teatrāls patoss skan modernā eksistencialisma filozofijas radītā cilvēka tēlā, kuŗam nu arī latviešu literatūrā radies savs atspoguļojums Mārt. Zīverta lugā, kuŗas izrādes Vācijā bija izraisījušas dzīvu domu izmaiņu un problēmu pārcilāšanu vispār par mākslas uzdevumiem - vai tai ir šķīstijoša un pacilājoša loma, jeb tai atļauts sadedzināt visus tiltus.

Tas ir cilvēks savā kailumā. Ne kāds viņš gribētu būt. Grēcīgais, nesvētais un - bezdievīgais cilvēks. Katru mirkli uz viņu glūn nāve. Tā viņu aizraus. Neviens viņam nespēj palīdzēt un nepalīdzēs. Tikai paša spēki, paša dzīvība - vienīgā manta. Nav tās, nav arī nekā vairāk. Nav velna. Nav kādu ļaunu māņu garu, kas kārdina un vajā. Cilvēks brīvs. Bet brīvs arī no ierobežojumiem un vadības, kas nāk no kādas citas būtnes. Brīvs no Dieva. Dieva nav. Varonis tas, kas to zin un tomēr dzīvo. -

Vai tāda būtu ideoloģija, ar ko rietumu pasaule var stāties pretī šo rietumu pasauli postošiem un iekšēji ārdošiem spēkiem, kas tomēr nes jaunu kārtību, kaut tā būtu verdzības, visu līdzšinējo ideālu iznīcināšanas kārtība, tomēr zināma kārtība? !

Mūsu laika cilvēce sauktin sauc un meklē pēc ideoloģijas, kas to varētu iedvesmot, saturēt, iededzināt jauniem varoņdarbiem, dot mieru. Cik daudzi nestaigā mūsu vidū nezinādami, kas viņiem pie viņu miera vajadzīgs. Kur ir izeja? Kur ņemsim mieru?

Ir viens, kas ir sacījis: "Mieru es jums dodu, ne to mieru, ko pasaule dod, es jums dodu." Kas teicis par saviem sekotājiem un rādījis viņiem īsto ceļu: - Svētīgi tie, kas mieru tur, jo tie tiks saukti Dieva bērni. Kuŗa tēla un vārdu glabātāja grāmata viņa garā vēlēdama sirds mieru ticīgajiem, arī ja tiem īstais miers būtu jāizcīna bargā, šausmu pilnā cīņā, saka - "Un pats miera Dievs lai jūs svētī caur caurim, ka viss jūsu gars un dvēsele un miesa, lai tiktu bezvainīgi pasargāti uz Jēzus Kristus atnākšanu."

Meld.: Jēzus dzīvo mūžīgi.

SAULE DEBESS JŪRĀ BRAUC
TUVĀK VAKARAM IK MIRKLI;
DUSA ARĪ VIŅU SAUC, UN TĀ
LAIVĀ METĪS IRKLI; VĒSA KRĒSLA ZEMI SEGS, AUGŠĀ DIEVA ZVAIGZNES DEGS.

AK, KĀ MIERA LŪDZIN LŪDZ
SIRDS, KAS DIENU IZVĀRGUSI;
ZVANS KAD SVETVAKARU DŪC,
TIECAS TĀ UZ RIETA PUSI: PALDIES DIEVAM, BRĪDIS KLĀT
DZĪVES RAIZES KLUSINĀT!

NORIMST MEŽS UN SATUMST
LAUKS, MIERU TĀLĀS ZVAIGZNES STARO; ZINA SIRDS, KAS
SARGS UN DRAUGS BŪS PA DUSAS NAKTI GARO; SVETĀ SAPNĪ
ĪSS VIEN BRĪD'S, KAMER AUSIS
JAUNAIS RĪTS!

(A. Saulietis, Dz. grām. 777)

M. ROZENTĀLE

Reliģiskās ievirzes latviešu lirikā

LIELĀS līnijās literātūrvēsturnieki mēdz saskatīt tikai divi galvenos literāros virzienus, kas šķiet arī pareizākais dalījums - reālismu un romantismu. Reālisti, īsos vārdos, turas pie dzīves reālitātes attēlošanas, romantiķi traucas no tās prom - pagātnē, nākotnē, sapņos. Ja pirmā virziena darbos bieži arī neatrodam reliģiskos motīvus, jo šie autori nepaceļas pāri dzīves ikdienas tēlojumiem, tad otra virziena autoru darbos vienmēr atradīsim reliģiskus motīvus, jo romantiķi, dzīves jēgu meklēdami, neatvairāmi nonāk pie visu lietu cēloņu skatīšanas. Zentas Mauriņas atziņa ir (Esejās "Spīts"), ka romantiķu māksla bez reliģijas nav domājama. Mūsu literātūrā reliģiskie motīvi ir arī izteiktiem reālistiem - Saulietim, Brigaderei, Blaumanim u.c.

Jo liela dažādība reliģiskos motīvos valda romantiķu lirikā. Par latviešu liriķu vairuma reliģisko pārdzīvojumu varam teikt visumā to, ko Z. Mauriņa teikusi par romantiķa Fr. Bārdas reliģisko pārdzīvojumu (Spīts, 136.l.p.), ka varam tajā sakatīt trīs noslāņojumus - senlatvisko, panteistisko un kristīgo. To vērojam jau tautiskā romantisma dzejnieku (Auseklis, Pumpurs), filozofiskā romantisma dzejnieku (Poruks, Bārda), gan pārējo romantiķu (Skalbe, Aspazija, Akuraters u.c.) darbos.

Senlatviskā izjūta, kas saglabājusies līdz mūsu dienām, izteic to, ka Dievs ir cilvēku draugs, laipni gādīgs par dabu un cilvēkiem, ņemot dzīvu dalību cilvēku dzīvē, virzot viņa gaitas. Šo ievirzi rakstūro Fr. Bārdas rindas:

"Un Dievs pats pa zemi iet
Pastalām zaļām" vai:

"Līdz Devējs vienreiz sacīs -
Būs diezgan, pietiek, d r a u g s."

Arī K. Skalbes rindas:

"Dievs ņēma mani pie rokas
Un ieveda skaistā mežā,
Kur sniega sudrabs zib."

Arī Aspazijas "Dadzītis":

"Mīļais Dieviņš tam apvilcis
Adatu kažociņu."

Dieva tēlā neizbēgami pavīd pa senlatviešu Dieva pazīmei, jo Bībelē ir dots vairāk abstrakts Dieva jēdziens. Bībelē Dievs ir Kungs, Tēvs, Jāņa evaņģelijā arī - Gars, Gaisma, Vārds. Vienīgais konkrētais norādījums ir "Dieva goda krēsls" (Mat.ev.5,34.23; Apust. d. 7, 49). Bet dzejnieka fantazija meklē jēdzienu vietā tēlus, visātrāk tie uzpeld apziņā no senlatviešu Dieva tēla, tā rodas rindas -

"Pa tumšajiem rugājiem rudenī
Tu (Dievs) eji pelēkā mētelī."
Fr. Bārda

Latviešu dzejniekam, kam tuva daba un kas ar dainu garu vēl savkārt padziļinājis šo tuvību dabai, tuvs šķiet arī filozofiskais virziens, ko dēvē par panteismu, tāpēc tas jo spilgti mūsu lirikā ir izteikts. Panteistiem Dievs, pasaule un daba ir viens un tas pats. Pasaule nav Dieva radīta, bet ir mūžīga tāpat kā Dievs, kas ietveras katrā pasaules parādībā. To izsaka Fricis Bārda dzejolī "Mans Dievs":

"Kurp skats vien slīd, kurp acis paveru -
es visur, visur tevi ieraugu."

"Nav lietas, kuŗā tevis nebūtu!"

"Kur vagas galā cīrulīts
Sēd lizdiņā mīkstā - tu sēdi tam līdz."

Tātad Dieva gars ir katrā radībā, tāpēc visa radība ir radniecīga, cilvēks ir rada stādiem un dzīvniekiem.

Tas izteikts Fr. Bārdas rindās:

"Vai purva ķīvītes nav manas skumjās māsas?
Un jautrais brālis mans nav ziedošs rožu zars?"

Tā pati doma ir Skalbes pantā:

"Mans brālis putniņš silā
Un zivtiņa atvarā."

Panteista Dievs daudzējādā ziņā ir citāds kā kristieša Dievs, bet panteists praktiski var sekot arī Kristus mācībai. Un tā tas arī ir, jo daži citi panteistu dzejoļi izteic spilgtu kristietību. (Fr. Bārda - Dievnamā, Miera dziesma, Dāvids Zaula priekšā, Cīņa ar eņģeli). Tāpat tas ir ar tautiskā romantisma dzejniekiem, kam stingri jūtami panteisma un senlatviskie noslāņojumi, bet netrūkst arī kristīgā. Auseklim ir dzejolis par Kristus parādīšanos divi mācekļiem un par grēcinieci. V. Mežezers (Mājas Drauga 5. numurā) maldas, dēvēdams Ausekli un Pumpuru par pretbaznīciskas cīņas vadītājiem un dievtuŗu pirmās vagas dzinējiem. Katrs rakstnieks jāizprot sakarā ar savu laiku - tas ir literātūrvēstures pamatprincips. Ausekļa pirmais dzejoļu krājums iznāk 1873.g., tikai 5 gadi pēc Rīgas latviešu biedrības dibināšanas (1868) un pēc klaušu laiku izbeigšanās (1867/68), kad latviešu gars modās brīvībai.

Auseklis dzīvoja latviešu brīvības idejai, citu centienu viņam nebija, tikai - tauta un tēvzeme. Gadu pirms tam Kronvaldu Atis bij uzsvēris, ka nav dārgākas mantas par latviešu tautu, nav dārgākas valodas par latviešu valodu. Auseklis ir šīs tautiskās pašapziņas spilgtākais paudējs. Viņš nekad nav uzsācis kādu pretbaznīcisku kustību, viņš tikai negāja kopsolī ar tiem vācu tautības mācītājiem, kas noniecināja visu latvisko. Dzīvodams mūsu laikos, viņš nebūtu varējis nonākt tādās situācijās.

Auseklis nav arī nekāds mūsu Julians Atkritējs, kas centās iedzīvināt mūsu seno reliģiju. Kā romantiķis viņš apjūsmoja pagātni, labi apzinādamies, ka tā ir tikai pagātne. Viņš par senlatvju dieviem jūsmo kā par senlatvju kultūras izpaudumu, tāpat kā dažs labs cits dzejnieks apjūsmo sengrieķu un seno romiešu dievus. Auseklis labi apzinās, ka tautai šo dievu vairs nav, un viņš arī nekur nesludina to atjaunošanu. Dievtuŗi nav savu mācību cēluši uz Ausekļa idejām, bet gan tieši uz tautas dziesmās izteiktām izjūtām, pamatojoties uz tautas dziesmu pētījumiem. Pret šo kustību nav jāšķiež spēki cīņā, jo tā nav skaitliski liela. Grūti iedomāties, ka modernais kultūras cilvēks vēl nopietni spētu atgriezties pie daudzdievības. Daudzdievība ir reliģiskās attīstības bērnība. Vai mīlējuši bērnu, mēs gribēsim, lai no bērna nekad neizaug vīrs? Vai mīlot senās tei-

(Turp. 6.lp.p.)

Dažas Amerikas universitāšu īpatnības

AMERIKĀ nevien dzīvo, bet arī studē daudz citādāk nekā Eiropā un īpaši Latvijā. Pazīdams latviešu tieksmi pēc gara gaismas, ceru, ka Mājas Drauga lasītājiem interesēs dzirdēt par Amerikas universitāšu īpatnībām. Tās lūkošu parādīt piemēram ņemot galvenā kārtā Čikāgas universitāti un pieņemot, ka citās augstākajās mācības iestādēs aina būs apmēram tā pati.

To ir nodibinājusi kāda amerikāņu reliģiska organizācija pagājušā gadsimta beigās, kad Čikāgai bij tikai 20.000 iedzīvotāju. Augdama kopā ar pilsētu, viņa tagad skolo un audzina kādus 8.000 studentus, kas būtu apmēram tikpat daudz kā Latvijas universitātei tās kuplākajos gados. Augdama arī zinātniskā darba slavā, viņa itin kā apēno pārējās šīs pilsētas universitātes, proti Ziemeļvakaru (North Western) universitāti, kuŗai ir 20.000 studentu, ar galveno mitekli Čikāgas priekšpilsētā Evanstonā; Illinojas Valsts universitāti, kuŗai Čikāgā tikai pāra fakultātes un priekšskola, kamēr vairums nodaļu ir kādas 100 jūdzes attālajā Šampaņā (Champaigne); un divas katoļu universitates, Loijola un De Paula. Ne velti Čikāgas universitātes fizikas laboratorijas ēkai ir piestiprināta metalla plāksne ar uzrakstu: "Še 1942. gada 5. decembrī pirmo reizi iedarbināja cilvēka kontrolētu tā sauktās ķēžu reakcijas atomenerģiju."

No otras puses - šī privātā universitāte (tāpat kā Harvarda, Jēla, Kornellā u.c. slavenās "brīvās" skolas) ir ļoti dārgas. Studiju nauda, kopā ar ārstēšanās nodevu, ir gandrīz visās nodaļās 768 dolaru gadā, kas arī Amerikā ir vesels kapitāls un iztaisa apmēram 4 - 5 mēnešu algu nabaga iebraucējam. Šī maksa jānokārto pa gada ceturkšņiem.

Ceturkšņa normālā studiju slodze ir 3 kursi, katrs ar 3-4 lekciju stundām nedēļā, tā kā lekcijās iznāktu pavadīt tikai 9-12 stundas nedēļā. Latvijas apstākļos tas būtu pasakaini maz, bet jāņem vērā atkal viena īpatnība, proti: profesors Čikāgā mazāk lasa lekcijas, vairāk - organizē un vada studenta paša darbu. Profesors neizvelē kodolu no zinību rieksta čaulas, bet liek studentam pašam to darīt. Pastāv uzskats, ka šie pūliņi prasa no studenta 40 stundas nedēļā.

Profesors dod ievadu - skicē studiju priekšmetu, darba metodes, norāda līdzekļus un rīkus, kas vajadzīgi sekmīgai studēšanai, dod obligāti izlasāmās literātūras sarakstus, uzsveŗ, kas būtu vairākkārt jāpārlasa, uzdod mājas darbus pēc katras lekcijas, ievāc, labo un vērtē tos, atbild uz visiem studentu jautājumiem. Pēdējā dienā notiek 1-2 stundu gaŗš rakstisks pārbaudījums, kas tikai pa pusei sedzas ar to, ko students izlasījis, jo otra puse sastādās no sarežģītiem jautājumiem, kuŗos studentam jāpierāda intelligence, priekšmeta dziļāka izpratne, spēja neapmulst arī tad, kad dzīve un teoretisks pētījums uzdod grāmatās un lekcijās neparedzētu jautājumu. Augstāko atzīmi (A) dabū kādi 5%, B (labi) - kādi 15%, C (pietiekoši) kādi 60%, u.t.t.

Gandrīz visas Čikāgas universitātes ēkas celtas gotu stilā. Universitātes vidū ir zāļains un kokiem apaudzis parks, kam vidū ir karogkārts ar U.S. standartu galā. Celtnes apņem 16 blokus un veido itin kā savu pilsētu, kuŗā dažs nams ir līdz 10 stāvus augsts. Bet visam pāri paceļas universitātes baznīca, kuŗas celšanai Rokfellers savā laikā ziedojis pusotra miljona dolarus ar to nosacījumu, ka "baznīcas architektūra valdīs apkārtni un tai jāizsaka, ka universitāte savos mērķos vadīsies no reliģiskā gara." Ik pilnu stundu baznīcas zvanu spēle nevien dara zināmu, "cik pulkstens nositis," bet pēc tam arī spēlē dažas skaistas garīgas vai laicīgas, amerikāņiem jau paaudzēm mīļas meldijas, kā piem. "Tuvāk pie Tevis, Dievs," "Īrijas pēdējā vasaras roze" u.t.t. Īpaši dziļu iespaidu tas rada pievakarē, kad lekcijas galā, parks un ielas tukšas, klusas. Šī zvanu spēle izklausās kā kāda saruna ar Dievu; kā kāds gabals no mūžības.

Citādi universitāte jau sen zaudējusi savu reliģiski vadošo nozīmi.

Čikāgas universitātē ir arī ievērojama luterāņu grupa. Bet luteriskā baznīca savu īpatnību te nav spējusi dziļāk parādīt. Toties tas ar sekmēm tiek darīts citos institutos, kuŗus luteriskā baznīca uztur vai atbalsta, kā piem. Valparaiso universitātē Indianas steitā, Sv. Olafa koledžā Norsfīldā (Minnesotā), Konkordijas kol. St. Paulā (Minn.), Gustava Adolfa kol. (St. Peter, Minn.), Augsburgas kol. (Minneapolisā, Minn.), Augustanas kol. (Rock Island, Illinois), Kartāgas kol. (Kartāgā, Ill.), Lutera kol. (Decorah, Iowa), Vartburgas kol. (Waverly, Iowa) un citur. Tur studenta darba diena iesākas ar kopīgu dievkalpojumu. Tur studē un piekopj luterisko tradiciju teoloģijā un mūzikā, blakus citām zinātnēm. Šīs koledžas ir savā ziņā Ziemeļeiropas luteriskās baznīcas cietokšņi Amerikā. Sv. Olafa koledžai ir pat sava radio raidītāja stacija un tā praktizē radio skolu, kas noraida lekcijas ar aitēra viļņu palīdzību. Šinīs koledžās sludina uzskatu, ka īsta studēšana ir dzīvas reliģijas auglis. Šīs skolas atgādina, ka modernā universitāte ir cēlusies priekš 500 gadiem tieši baznīcas pavēnī, un ka zinātne par cilvēku un dabu ir vienmēr saistījusies ar "zinātni par Dievu."

(Turp.no 5.lp.p.)

kas, mēs gribētu, lai dvēsele nejūt lielāku plašumu un dziļumu ticībā? Vairums mūsu rakstnieku, lietodami senlatviskos dievu tēlus savā dzejā, labi apzinās, ka lieto tos kā senās kulturas atribūtus, ne citādi.

Kristīgais Dievs ir jaušams daudzu dzejnieku darbos, ko nav iespējams minēt, lai par piemēru noder tikai spilgtākie, kā Blaumaņa "Mana lūgšana", kur ir rindas -

"Svaidi man dvēseli,
Mūžīgais tēvs,
Caur un caur ar ilgošanos svēto kvēli."

Retāk mūsu lirikā ir redzams Kristus tēls, kaut gan šie dzejoļi tad tiešām pārliecina. K. Skalbes "Svētku roze" nobeidzas vārdiem:

"Zinu, arī tavā sirdī
Šonākt Kristus roze zied."

MĀCĪTĀJS E. ĶIPLOKS

LUTERISKĀ BAZNĪCA AMERIKĀ

7. *** LUTHERAN CHURCH - MISSOURI SYNOD, vācu izcelsmes, dib. 1847.g.
1839.g. Drezdenes mācītāja Stefana vadīti, Misūri steitā ieradās 700 sakšu, kas sabiedrojās ar citiem vāciešiem, kas atradās sakaros ar vācu iekšmisijas darbinieku Lēhi (Löhe) Neiendetelsauā un 1847.g. nodibināja kopīgu sinodi. Lēhes grupa izstājās jau 1853.g. Misūri sinodes ilggadīgs vadītājs bija māc. K.F.V. Valters (1811.-87. g.), kas to vadīja negrozāmi konservatīvā garā, norobežojoties no katras citas luterāņu grupas, kuŗas uzskati kautcik atšķirās. Latviešu lasītāju interesēs, ka Valtera palīgs ilgus gadus bija māc. Vilhelms Sīlers (1801-85.g.), kas laikā no 1838.-43.g. darbojās Rīgā un Igaunijā un bija tuvs draugs Tērbatas profesoram Filipijam, kam liela nozīme konfesionālā gara nostiprināšanā Baltijas valstīs.

Pateicoties labi organizētai misijai un konfesionālām skolām Misūri sinode ātri pieauga. Līdz 1918.g. tā bija lielākā luterāņu baznīca Amerikā. Sinode nostājas ļoti krasi pret brīvmūrniekiem un līdzīgām organizācijām. Turpinot Valtera nostāju pret citiem luterāņiem Misūri sinode ar N.L.C. sadarbojas tikai atsevišķos jautājumos.

Misūri sinode organizēta 34 distriktos, no tiem 3 Kanādā un pa vienam Argentinā un Brazilijā. Idejiski (un arī materiāli) tā atbalsta brīvbaznīcas Vācijā u.c. (piem. kādu mazu draudzīti Igaunijā, kas bija izstājusies no Igaunijas ev. lut. baznīcas). Austrālijā darbojas patstāvīga Misūri sinodes filiālbaznīca (Evang.Lutheran Church of Australia), kas atbalsta arī dažas latviešu draudzes. Sinode, tāpat kā ULCA atbalsta arī misiju svešvalodās. Par latviešiem Amerikā Misūri sinode interesējas kopš 1894.g., kad sāka savu darbību māc. H. Rebane. Pie Misūri sinodes pieder latviešu draudzes Bostonā, Čikāgā, Filadelfijā, Sanfrancisko, Toronto (Kanādā) u.c. - Prezidents: Rev. J.W. Behnken, D.D. - Birojs: 533 S. Kenilworth Ave., Oak Park, Ill. - Oficiozi: The Lutheran Witness, Der Lutherner un Condordia Theological Monthly.

8. *** JOINT SYNOD OF WISCONSIN AND OTHER STATES, vācu izcelsmes, dib. 1892.g., apvienojoties trim sinodēm vispirms federācijā, kopš 1919.g. unijā: 1. Wisconsin Synod, dib. 1850.g., 2. Synod of Michigan, dib. 1860.g., 3. Minnesota Synod, dib. 1860.g.
Viskonsinā un Mičiganā apmetās vācieši, kas bija atstājuši savu dzimteni g.k. politisku iemeslu dēļ un, pretstatā saviem laika biedriem Misūri steitā, reliģiskā ziņā bija stipri vienāldzīgi. Viņu vidū darbojās Bazeles misijas biedrības darbinieki, kas 1833.g. dibināja pirmo draudzi Ann Arbor, Mich. Mičiganā sākumā darbojās arī Lēhes sūtītie misionāri. - Prezidents: Rev. John Brenner. - Birojs: 1100 W. Territorial Road, Battle Creek, Mich.

9. *** NORWEGIAN SYNOD OF THE AMERICAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, dib. 1918.g., atšķiroties no organizējamās norvēģu sinožu ūnijas (sk. 3.pkt.), jo uzskatīja to par sasteigtu un dogmatiskā ziņā indiferentu. - Prezidents: Rev. A. Harstad. - Birojs: Route 1, Box 159, Princeton, Minn.

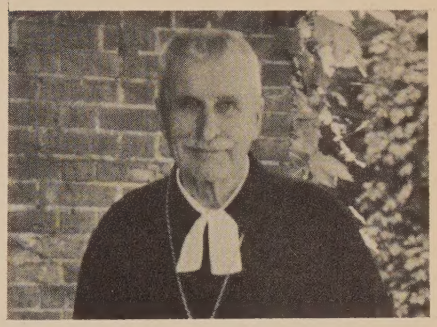
10. *** SLOVAK EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNOD, dib. 1902.g. Bez tam slovaku tautības luterāņus aprūpē Misūri sinode sadarbībā ar šo sinodi. Par slovakiem sk. arī 1. pkt. - Prezidents: Rev. Paul Rafaj. - Birojs: 25 Hillcrest Drive, Olyphant, Pa.

11. *** NEGRO MISSION, izaugusi no Misūri sinodes misijas darba nēģeru starpā.

12. * DANISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA (DELC), dib. 1872.g. Tās sākumi ir Dānijas baznīcas sūtīto 5 mācītāju nodibinātajā misijas biedrībā. Reprezentē tās tradicijas. Brīva nostāja pret laicīgo kultūru. Viena no liberālākām grupām Amerikas luterāņu vidū -DELC organizēta 9 distriktos. Prezidents: Rev. Alfred Jensen. Birojs: 1232 Penn Ave., Des Moines, 16, Iowa.

PROF. L. BERZIŅŠ

Pazīstama seja



Lasītājs, kas seko rakstiem Mājas Draugā, būs tur pamanījis daudz mācītāju vārdus līdz ar adresēm. Tos lasīdams viņš droši vien arī atceras dažu pazīstamu un mīļi pieminamu cilvēku. Bet nebūšu vīlies, apgalvodams, ka reti pie kāda cita vārda lasītājam acu priekšā nostāsies pazīstama seja tik dzīvi, kā apstājoties pie prāvesta Jāņa Ozola. Iemeslu tur vairāk. Vispirms jau gadu skaits. Ne velti prāvests Ozols 9. jūlijā atskatas uz 75 nostaigātiem mūža gadiem. Pa šo garo laiku Ozols - kā jau ozols - ir atradis iespēju laist dziļas saknes savā Jaunpiebalgas draudzē un arī plašākā tautā.

Bet "vai tavs mūžs ko lieti der, to vis neteic ilgie gadi." Tā arī Ozola gadījumā, viņa nozīme nav mērojama tikai ar gadu daudzumu īpaši mums jāpriecājas par darba garu un priecīgo uzņēmību, kas Ozolu pavada visu garo mūžu. Vajadzības gadījumā viņš ir zvejnieks vai dārznieks, pie tam nevis nemākulīgs, bet viņš ir arī tautskolotājs un - pār visām lietām - viņš ir liela mēroga mācītājs. Amata vieta tam kādu laiku ir bijusi Rūjiena, tad garus gadus Jaunpiebalga, beidzot Vācija un vispēdīgi Savienotās Valstis. Grand Rapidā viņam ir izdevies pulcināt un draudzē saistīt īsti palielu pulku latviešu. Tā Ozola aktivitate nav mazinājusies arī pēdējās dienās.

Ja nu Ozolam nav lemts 75. mūža gada noslēgumu vadīt Gaujas krastos, viņš var būt pārliecināts, ka gaujmalas iemītnieki lai še, lai dzimtenē, lai nezināmās Sibirijas malās, viņu iedomā, arī lielu tālumu šķirti. Bet nevien gaujmalieši: Ozols ar savu miermīlīgo garu un nenogurstošo darbu ir iekarojis sakarus un draugus visā latviešu tautā. 9. jūlijā kā jubilāra goda dienā dažs latvietis viņu atcerēsies nevien kā pazīstamu, bet arī kā mīļu seju.

Dieva kalnā

ZELTA putnu tīkodams, Rīts uzmanīgi cēla Nakts apsegu. Šoreiz vieta bija labi nolūkota. Šoreiz vajadzēja izdoties. Kā allaž cauru dienu debesu kokā izšūpojies, zelta putns vakar bija nokritis uz Sinaja kalna, un tūlīt Nakts tam bija uzmetusi savu tumšo segu. Bet Rīts nebūtu Rīts, ja viņš ļautu Naktij zelta putnu paturēt. Viņš bija lūdzies un draudējis. Pār tuksnesi viņu bija pārnesis nebēdnis tuksneša vējš, pār upi- veca zvejnieka smaga laiva. Un nu viņš bija klāt, un, pirkstgalos satvēris, it kā notraipīties bīdamies, cēla uz augšu jau diezgan izdilušo un apvazāto Nakts apmetni.

Vieta bija pazīstama. Rīts te jau agrāk bija bijis. Un kur gan Rīts nav bijis? - Kalnos? Ha, ja jau kur viņam mājas, tad - kalnos. Un ielejās? - Nu, protams, arī ielejās. Karaļu dārzos, uz strūklaku marmora zimzes apsēdies, viņš vīpsnā: Nu, jūs taču pašas redziet, tās ir veltas pūles - debesis jums neaizsniegt. Un ūdens šaltis, nepagurušas augšup traukdamās, tam allaž atbild: Nesaki vis! Mēģināts nav pazaudēts. - Nabaga vīra tīrumā viņš mierina panīkušas vārpas. - Kas mēs esam - allaž saka vārpas, rīta sveicienu atņēmušas, - tikai sīkas vārpas nabaga vīra tīrumā. Un nu ir Rīta reize teikt: Nesakiet vis! Arī nabaga vīram vajaga dienišķās maizes, un nabaga vīrs ir pateicīgs arī par plānu maizes riecienu.

Rīts, protams, bija bijis arī te, Dieva kalnā. Bet nu viņš šo vietu vairs tikko pazina. No ierastās kārtības te nebija vairs ne vēsts. Nakts apsegu ceļot arvien augstāk, atklājās kaut kas līdzīgs istabai, kuŗu īpašnieks steigā atstājis un, projām steigdamies vēl nepacietīgi, teiksim, savu zīmoggredzenu meklējis. Kā atvērtas atvilknes klintīs pletās platas plaisas. Akmens bluķi mētājās kā apgāsti galdi, un kā pa roku galam aizmests drēbes gabals, sausa koka zaros ieķērusies un pašu koku tik tikko ar visām saknēm neizcēlusi, pār dziļu aizu karājās gaiši rūsgana klints šķautne. Zemes trīce! Lai Dievs ir savai radībai žēlīgs, ja tai zemes trīci nāktos pārlaist kalnos. - Bet vai šajā drūmajā akmens istabā kas tikko nesakustējās? Zelta putns, kas cits? ! - To, par ko domā, ko meklē, to redz visur. - Bet varbūt zelta putns tur pakritis salauztiem spārniem, ievainots! Piesardzīgi Rīts ceļ Nakts apmetni arvien augstāk un augstāk... Nē. Tas ir cilvēks, aizmidzis, pa miegam sakustējies! Kas cilvēkam te kalnā meklējams? Ne te zaļuma, ne te pajumtes un vēl tādam vecam vīram, kā gulētājs. Tādam drīzāk būtu vieta savās cisās, uz mūrīša. Neizprotami ir šie cilvēki - domā Rīts, Nakts apsegu izstieptajās rokās turēdams. - Kad zeme dreb, kad jūŗa mētā viļņus, kad tuksneša vēji auro un virpuļo - zvērs iebēg savā alā, zivs nonirst dzelmēs un tuksnesī jau arī labā laikā grūti atrast kādu dzīvu radību, bet cilvēks kāpj kalnā, sēžas mazā laiviņā vai dodas iekšā tuksnesī, daudzreiz it kā tieši šo brīdi vien gaidījis... Bet kamēr Rīts tā prāto, sff, ssfff, ssfff - zelta spārni zelta putnu uznes debess kokā. Galotnē nu tas gan vēl nav - kur nu tik augstu! vēl turpat pazarē, bet ej nu tu viņu vairs dabū rokā!

''Kad nē, nē!'' saka Rīts, Nakts apmetni pa roku galam aizmezdams. ''Salāpi, Nakts krustmāt, vai pērc jaunu'' - un viegliem soļiem kāpj no kalna zemē.

Galvu piešķiebis, debess kokā viņam pakaļ noraugās zelta putns. ''Cik taču neprātīgs tas Rīts,'' domā zelta putns, ''kāpēc gan viņam vajag mani saķert! Ko viņš, mani saķēris, darīs? Mana vieta taču te, debess kokā. - Bet vai cilvēki ir prātīgāki, ne jau nu saķert gribēdami, kur nu to! - bet apmierināti tie nava: te esmu par augstu, te par zemu, mani gaida, ilgojas un jau pēc brīža - kurn. Lūk, šis pats sirmgalvis! Ko viņš teiks pamodies un mani jau debess kokā ieraudzījis? - Rītam taisnība. Tik vecam vīram te patiesi nekas nebūtu meklējams. Un ko viņš tur tura pat miegā piespiedis pie krūtīm? Bērnu? ...''

Zelta putns paknosās, pagrozās un uzspurdz zaru augstāk. Tā, tagad var labāk redzēt. Nē, bērns tas nav. Divas akmens plāksnes sirmgalvis spiež pie savām krūtīm! Zelta putns piešķiebj galvu, raugās sirmgalvja sejā un domā tālāk to pašu Rīta domu par neizprotamajiem cilvēkiem. Rīts ar zelta putnu ir veci draugi un zina pat viens otra domas.

Beidzot gulētāja smagie acu plaksti paceļas. ''Vai, cik saule jau augstu!'' viņš saka, grib trūkties kājās, bet tad atceras abus akmens galdiņus un paliek sēžot.

''Vai es neteicu!'' saka zelta putns, sabozies. ''Arī šis ir neapmierināts. Paskatīšos labāk kur palicis mans vecais draugs Rīts.'' Un zelta putns uzlido vēl vienu zaru augstāk...

Sirmgalvis noglauda ar delnas virsu pieri un, paraudzījies apkārt, saka: ''Cik vareni ir tavi darbi, ak Dievs, un... cik svēti tavi likumi!'' Šos vārdus izteicis, viņš neredz vairs ne sauli, ne kalnus. Kā piekaltas viņa acis paliek pie rūpīgi nogludinātajām akmens plāksnēm. Tā līgavainis raugās savā līgavā un pareģis - svētajās zīmēs. Līgavainis šis sirmais vīrs nevarētu būt. Vai viņš ir pareģis?

''Jozu-u!'' viņš pēkšņi aizmet kā akmeni, un viņa balss iekrīt tuvējā gravā. ''Jozu-u-u!''

''Jā, kungs!'' pēc brīža nāk tikko dzirdama atbilde no lejas.

Sirmgalvis atkal raugās akmenī. Izskatās it kā viens stūris būtu ieplīsis. Dzīslainā roka saudzīgi pārvelk īksti pār apdraudēto vietu: nē, tā ir tikai tumša svītra.

''Joz... Ak, tu jau te esi! Nu, ko tu tā skaties? Vai mani vairs nepazīsti? ''

''Pazīstu un nepazīstu,'' saka smuidrs jauneklis, kas jau pirms laba brīža izkāpis no gravas. ''Brīnos, ka tu pēc šīs briesmīgās zemes trīces vēl esi sveiks un vesels, un ja tu nebūtu mani uzrunājis - nepazītu. Mozu, tava piere mirdz, tavas acis staro... Kungs, vai man krist uz savu vaigu un tevi pielūgt? ''

''Jozu!'' saka Mozus, un viņa balss dzeļ kā nātra. ''Vai tu nezini - vienīgi Dievu savu Kungu tev būs pielūgt. Nāc, skaties!''

Vilcinādamies un ar elkoni acis sargādams, kalps un tai pašā reizē arī māceklis iesāņus tuvojas savam meistaram.

''Tuvāk, tuvāk!'' saka Mozus nepacietīgi. ''Nāc, stājies te man līdzās. Nu, ko tu redzi? ''

''Raksts... tas ir raksts,'' čukst jauneklis. ''Un es domāju...''

''Un tu domāji? ''

''Es domāju... es domāju, ka glezna.''

''Tie ir desmit Dieva baušļi,'' saka Mozus, ''ja gribi, arī - glezna, brīnišķīga glezna. Es tajā esmu skatījies stundām, un nu es to gribu rādīt arī ļaudīm tur lejā. Vai tu dzirdi, kā tas skan: Es esmu tavs Kungs, tavs Dievs! Es... Ne Ēģiptes faraons, kam šodien labs prāts un rītu īgns, ne cilvēks, kam ir draugi un ienaidnieki, ne rokām darināts nožēlojams elks. Dievs, Dieva tauta... Dieva draudze, ka baļķis pie baļķa - Dieva nams... Rītā celdamies tie piemin sava Dieva svēto vārdu, kas radījis debesis un zemi, un vakarā pie miera iedami, tie slavē viņa brīnumus. Sešas dienas tie strādā, septītajā, savas verdzības laikus pieminēdami, pat svešniekam, kas garām iedams, apstājies vārtos, viņi saka: Nāc un esi mūsu ciemiņš! Šodien ir tā Kunga diena. Brīnišķīgas lietas tas Kungs ar mums ir darījis. Sēdi un klausies. - Un svešnieks apsēžas. Saskrien bērni, sanāk visa saime - kalpi un kalpones svētdienas drēbēs tērpušies, un tēvi stāsta par Dievu, savu Kungu un par Viņa žēlastību. Mēs bijām vergi, viņi stāsta, bet Dievs mūs ir izvedis no verdzības cietuma pagraba. Bija brīži, kad mums nebija vairs ceļa ne atpakaļ, ne uz priekšu. Priekšā jūra. Vai jūrā bridīsi? Vai jūru pārpeldēsi? Aizmugurē auļojošs karaspēks ar saceltiem šķepiem un važām, simtreiz smagākām kā bijušās. Bērni raudāja. Sievas vaimanāja. Vīri stāvēja bāli, drebošām lūpām. Nebija izejas, bet Dievs pāršķīra ūdeņus un radīja ceļu pār jūru. Sausām kājām izkāpām otrā krastā. - Dievs bija mūsu gaisma naktī un mūsu ceļvedis dienā. Kad bijām izsalkuši, viņš mūs paēdināja, kā tēvs saviem bērniem galdu klādams pat tuksnesī, kad bijām izslāpuši viņš lika avotam virt pat no klints... Jozu, tev taisnība. Tā ir glezna... Bērni godā savus vecākus, un brālis mīl savu brāli. Ja izceļas ķilda, uzliesmo naids, paceļas roka - tā Kunga Likums aizstājas dusmu aklinātajam ceļā, kā eņģelis ar paceltu šķēpu: Tev nebūs nokaut. Ja kārdina ļaunais, tas Kungs pats savā Likumā ir tuvu un saka: Tev nebūs... Tas viss te ir rakstīts,'' saka Mozus, galvu paceldams un paraudzīdamies jauneklī. ''Vai nu tu redzi? ''

''Un tu to uzrakstīji? Tu, Mozu? ''

''Es? Kas esmu es! Tas Kungs to ir rakstījis un pats ar savu zīmogu apzīmogojis. Redzi: Es esmu Tavs kungs, tavs Dievs - saka tas, kas to ir apzīmogojis - tev nebūs citus dievus turēt priekš manis... Nāc, palīdzi piecelties.''

''Atļauj, es panesīšu, tev par smagu,'' saka jauneklis.

''Nē, nē, es pats. Tikdaudz es varu.''

Kalnu teka te ir stāva, un Mozum jāatspiežas gan pret klinti, gan uz sava ķalpa rokas, bet smago akmens grāmatu viņš no savām rokām neizlaiž. No lejas kāpj augšup tumša dunēšana, kā tāla ūdenskrituma vai jūras šalkšana.

''Kaŗš!'' izsaucas Jozus nobālis un palikdams stāvot. ''Mūsējiem uzbrūk.''

Brīdi paklausījies, Mozus krata galvu. ''Nē, pēc cīņas dunēšanas tas gan neizklausās. Tās ir gaviles'' - un, kā bite ziedā, viņa plakstos iekrīt tikko manāms smaids. - Viņi mani sagaida ar gavilēm, viņš domā. - Visas tās četrdesmit dienas un naktis, kuŗas esmu pavadījis šeit Dieva kalnā, zemei trīcot un Dievam runājot, viņi ir baiļojušies par mani, domājuši par mani, un tagad viņi jūt, ka es nāku...

''Iesim!'' saka Mozus skaļi. Un Jozum atkal reiz jāpabrīnās, kā šis sirmais vīrs var pārvērsties. Pirms īsa brīža viņš vēl bija turams un balstāms, tagad - spēj tik līdzi tikt...

* * *

Tā nokāpj pie savas tautas liels, Dieva svaidīts pravietis, un maz ir to, kas viņu pavada. Viņa seja staro, viņa acis smaida: viņš dzird jau savas tautas gaviles. Pie krūtīm viņš spiež savu bērnu - savu darbu. Viņš ir atradis. Ar Dievu pašu viņš ir runājis, Dieva balsi dzirdējis maigā vēsmā un zemes trīcē. Nāciet, viņš sacīs. Redziet, ko es atradu! Tas nav manis paša. Tas man tika dots, un to es dodu jums. Nāciet un smeļiet. Ņemiet un ēdiet, mani nelaimīgie, nožēlojamie, neziņā un tumsā uzaugušie brāļi! Es zinu, jums ir daudz kļūdu, trūkumu. Jūs esat grēcīgi. Mēs visi esam grēcīgi. Bet cik laba jūs esat redzējuši? Cilvēkam vajaga arī kaut cik laba redzēt, lai viņš būtu labs. Cilvēkam vajaga vispirms zināt, kas labs, tikai tad jūs varat prasīt, lai cilvēks ir labs. - Paciešieties vēl acumirkli, es jau nāku...

Tā nokāpa no debesu kalna reiz arī pats Dieva dēls, un saule lidinājās pār viņa galvu kā mirdzošs zelta putns.

O. G.

GRĀMATA

MŪSU DRAUGIEM UN MUMS

Redakcijai piesūtīta latviešu autora Alberta Kalmes grāmata angļu valodā ''Total Terror'' (Totālais terors), ko amerikāņu apgāds (Appleton - Century - Croft, New York), respektēdams 10 aizvadītu gadu posma noslēgšanos kopš pirmās baltiešu masu deportācijas, ir laidis klajā tieši šī skumjā piemiņas brīža atceres zīmē.

Šī grāmata gan nav pirmā, kas amerikāņiem pauž par baltiešu traģēdiju - lai atceramies kaut tikai nelaika sūtņa Dr. Bīlmaņa daudzos publicējumus, neskaitot citu autoru darbus - tomēr pēc sava veida, satura, izkārtojuma un apmēra tā ir pirmā, kas tik aptverоši un reizē, gribētos teikt, amerikāniski, stāsta par mūsu ļaužu nelaimi šajos aizvadītajos 10 gados.

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J.S.

Published by
NATIONAL LUTHERAN COUNCIL
327 South La Salle Street
Chicago 4, Illinois

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Volume No. 2 August 1951 No.8/18

Pastor Osv. Gulbis

ANSWER THE CALL YOU SORROWFUL AND DEPRESSED

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."
Math. 11:28

An ancient legend tells about a Prince, who searched for a happy man. He had had to search very long. The happiness is very hasty. It fondles the child's head, it smiles at the youth, it gives a cane to the old-man, and away it is. It is in vain to call, seek, inquire.

Grief does not hurry. It surprises. It attacks. It comes like a thunder cloud and crashes, breaks everything, what you have planted, cultivated, lulled, built. All the same, whether the sorrow cloud, or the hail-storm has gone over, the picture is much the same. If they are not broken off branches, uprooted trees and smashed field, then they are crashed, broken down men and oppressed, smothered nations. The man of strength, when over him has come the cloud of sorrows, seeks a cane. In the face of a child, has vanished the child's bright smile. To the song of a youth the words have faded away.

Still more malicious than the sorrows, is the dejection. Sorrows come like the thunder clouds, the dejection - small dripping rain, - cold, unamiable, boring, infinite. You stand at the window and look out: When will the sun at last shine, when will the clouds give the way? But the rain is dripping and dripping, drizzling and lulling to sleep and does not cease. The window of your room gets dewy. And dewy is also the window of your soul. You do not see anything good in the world anymore. You do not hope for anything good anymore. You do not expect anything good anymore. It seems to you, eveything is in vain, everything is at the end.

Sorrows teach us to pray to God. Sorrows make you fold your hands. Sorrows lead us to God's house. Sorrows urge, incite, bring closer to God. The soul, though crashed, broken down, wounded, tries to rise. It strives upward. It reaches forth toward God.

Dejection is the torpidity, apparent death, unhealing wound. It is a slow sinking, without a sound, without a cry: Help! And yet exactly here the help is needed most.

You sorrowful and dejected! One is seeking you and wants to help you, rescue you. As once in the night on a stormy sea, he also walks in the swamp of sorrows and melancholy, into which you are sinking deeper and deeper. Do you hear, he is calling you! Answer him! Listen, he is convoking you: Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" You know his voice, don't you! Answer him! Christ can unburden you.

The earthly life of our Saviour has not been an easy one. There is the meeting with the most stupid unintelligility, the most cool lies, the deepest debasements, the most wicked calumny, the most brutal despotism. Yes, there is even a moment when the Son of God must exclaim: My God, my God, hast Thou truly abandoned me, and why hast Thou abandoned me" The relatives, kinsmen do not understand him. In their opinion he

is simply out of his mind. To some his way of living seems to be shocking, the others can not reconcile with that, that his home is somewhere in the outskirts, in Galilea, in the region of pagans: what good can come out of Nazareth" Pharisees hate him, envy, persecute. Bought up, paid for people slander him. A despotic ruler orders to kill the man, whom he has respected and estimated most. John the Baptist dies because of simple caprice of the despot. The cowardly representative of the almighty Rome in one word says: not guilty, in another - alright, let it be as you wish. And when it must be chosen the baffled mob choses - the criminal.

There are in his life also moments when his face clouds over as the sun, but soon it clears up again. Around his head radiates the crown of mercy and humility again. In his life there are also moments, when the storm of sorrows surge also his soul's wonderfully clear waters, when the rain of depression also sifts on the fields of his spiritual work. But the mercy and humility are protecting and keeping him, like two angels, whom the Master Himself has ordered, like - two hands: with one He has embraced his tiny, helpless earthly brother, with the other he has seized the hand of His heavenly Father.

You sorrowful and depressed! Answer! The Christ is looking for you, Christ wants and can relieve you. The mercy and humility polishes the dewy windows of the soul. Christ is the mercy and humility. From Him we must learn: mercy toward them, who are around us, humility toward Him, who is over us. Sorrowful and depressed, the Christ is looking for you. Answer! Assemble around Him, in the congregation of the mercyful and humble ones. It has a wonderful promise: God opposes the arrogance, pardons the humble; and blessed be the mercyful, - - they will inherit the earth.

* * *

G O D' S F I R E

by Ed. Tubers

Out is burned the tiny wick -
Darkness in the windows.
Still is burning in the breast
Flame of grief and sorrows.

Shall extinguish yet the grief
Sleep shall come for ever.
But the soul will never sleep
Burning in her Saviour.

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Pastor A. Veinbergs

P E A C E.

Luke 19:41-42

The newspapers are writing now about war and peace, people are talking, and it also echoes in the churches. That makes this theme current, but at the same it is also the theme of all times, for Fr. Barda is right when he characterizes us as

"The children of perpetual restlessness"

The word "peace" arises also in our text in these few, yet so very significant, unforgettable words of Jesus, and make us also to think about it.

I.

What is that peace about which Jesus is talking? From the tilt of the Mount of Olives before Him opens a wide, nice view on that so much admired, much raved-about city, restored after the exile of Babylon, - Jerusalem, with all its holy places, particularly the temple of Solomon, restored by Herod the Great. Jesus is looking on from the mountain. A painter had tried to perceive it in a nocturnal painting with the faint moonlight and little fire glows among the scarcely perceiveable contours of the walls across the valley of Kedron. The painting and Jesus' figure are so expressive that it seems that Jesus this very moment will say: Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if you knew... The same city where, together with so many pilgrims, Jesus once had gone in his childhood, led by the hand of His mother and father. How His heart was beating then to see everything, to experience that great happiness, to be in Jerusalem, in the big temple. - It was the same city which received Him with cheers, scattering flowers and laying out clothes ih His way. That was the event on Palm Sunday. It is the same city on the streets of which soon, very soon, will move a procession, the most sorrowful in the history of mankind, and perhaps only the processions of our century could compare to it - the arrested groups on the Latvian highways on the early morning of June 14th, the barred box-cars with desperate mothers and weeping children, desperate and weeping then and probably still now. That was the same city which was cheering Christ and which was screeching "Crucify Him!" Which proved, how evil, how low, how heartless a man can be.

Once a teacher was asking (and the same thoughts here and there have been exalted also by others) why do we have to mention or praise Jeruslam? It is strange to us; can't we talk about some familiar city? No, Jerusalem for the first time showed what a man can actually be and thus, let it be as a symbol for such an action. And how is he? Who are the people who are walking beyond the valley of Kedron in this city up on the mountain which everybody sees and which can not remain hidden? What do the far and all seeing eyes of Jesus see? Who are those people and where have they come from? - They are us also. Jesus sees you and me walking there.

We probably will shake our heads and say - no, no, that's not true; I am not there. I do not walk there, and have never walked there. I am another man, in another era, in other circumstances. And yet, do you know what you need, what is the good, the precious? What is necessary for your peace?

How strange it sounds if that is referred to yourself. But do you have peace? At home, in the family? - When you must fight the heavy struggle of existence, the family is your place of peace and rest. It is the island of happiness in the sea of restlessness and hatred, an oasis in the burned out desert. There ends the hatred of concurence, the business of man's exploitation and calculation. There the almighty law of egoism is not effective. There the people are living for each other's welfare. But is it so? Has it been so all the time? Or is it only a dream and a desire? How many families in exile did not create circumstances which Irma Grebzde portrays in her novel, <u>People Without the Way</u>. This novel depicts a broken-down teacher, the head of his family, and his wife, who has not lived yet, but as a slave has served her husband, and in whom now has awakened the desire to live - to live her own life, by her own will and liking. It depicts also the students of the last class of high-school, to whom such questions of moral and family life are placed, questions of which formerly they would have been ashamed even to mention.

Peace in the family. And firmly connected with it is peace in the heart, - the clean, pure, spotless conscience that enables you to look into the eyes of all and say - yes, the best that I could do, I have done. I have not stolen, lied, slandered. And others can say about you - look, there is a man without cunning! Where could we get such a man? Surely such a one could be displayed for the admiration of and as an example to others, but where to find such a one? There is such a man who in his heart

would have complete peace because he has not sinned?

As long as there is sin, as long as men don't have harmony with God, men have built the castle of Peace in vain, in vain they have established the League of Nations, which did not prevent war, and in vain they have imagined that the so-called United Nations actually are united nations, where peacefully will be solved the differences of opinions of those who rely upon God, together with those who do not have either God nor devil.

II.

Why do people have no peace? - Because we are going our own ways, not the ways of God. We ask for our own will and well-being. Jesus is crying. There are not many places in the Gospel which tells us that Jesus is crying. Only at His friend Lazarus' grave and here. Jesus has pity for the people. He does not feel much sorrow for the city or for the beautiful church, which will be ruined, but He feels great pity for the people.

The churches and cities collapse also before us, and our eyes see the destroying pile of smoke. A spark from the world's big fire threatens to set aflame our garments. But would there be such a fire, would all places in this world be full of the sparks of fires, if sin would not reign in the world and if the people and politicians would not lead the world in their but in God's ways? - Therefore how significant are the words of Jesus to the most clever, most knowing and almighty man - if he only knew it! But today it is still concealed from his eyes.

The ill one often does not know that he is ill. Particularly one who has a sick soul and cracked spirit considers himself as the most able, or at least something else, different from what he actually is. Our era knows that if is not good; therefore is restlessness, search and torment. And man himself tries to rise up, to overcome the restlessness and fear. But what a theatrical pathos sounds in the figure of man created by the modern extentional philosophy, which has its reflect now also in Latvian literature, namely in Hart. Ziverts play, the show of which loosened quite a dispute and discussion about the tasks of art in general - whether it is purifying and edifying, or it has the right to burn down all the bridges.

It portrays man in all his nakedness - sinful, unhappy, and godless - not as the one he would like to be. Every moment death is lurking near him. It will tear him away. Nobody can help him and no one will help him. Only his own strength and his own life count - they are the only treasures. Without them, there is nothing else. There is no devil. There are no evil spirits which tempt and persecute. The man is free. But he is free also from all the restrictions and guidance which come from another being. He is free from God. There is no God. Hero is the one who knows it, yet still lives. -

Would such be the ideology with which the Western world can resist the destroying and innerly scattering forces, which then, bring a new arrangement, even though it be slavery and the rule to destroy all previous ideals, yet bringing a certain order?!

Mankind of our days is calling and searching for ideology which can inspire it, hold it together, kindle to new heroism, and give peace. How many are there walking among us without knowing what they need for their peace? Where is the way out? Where will we get peace?

There is One who has said: "I give you peace, not the peace that world gives

you." Who has said to his followers and showed to them the right way: - Blessed are they who behold the peace, for they will be called God's children. Jesus, as we learn in the Bible, the keeper of His image and His words, in his spirit wishing peace of heart to the believers, even though they would have to fight a severe and terrible struggle for the true peace, says -
"And the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

* * *

AN INVITATION.
by K. Kundzins

My brethren in Christ of the lands so remote -
Whatever it were - the East or the West,
Wherever you were - at home or abroad -
Do come from the South, do come from the North.
If burning are scars
In troubled hearts
Come, kneel at the altar in fear, adoration;
Lord God shall console you and give recreation.

The sunny days fade and they hasten away,
They slip as the shadows, no sign would remain.
Red roses we gather when strolling our way,
They wither, they hurt us and leave but the pain.
Alone but is H e.
Who makes us to be.
To God we shall lift up our hearts and our eyes
In Him we shall trust for He always abides.

A temple is shining, its color is white,
Its steeples are lofty, to stars they extend -
And billows are rising of dangerous might,
But they won't succeed, Lord God shall defend.
On suffering,pain
God's temple is lain.
Our souls there will find the perpetual joy,
For ever God's presence they shall there enjoy.

* * *

M. Rozentale

RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES IN LATVIAN LYRICS

(Continuation)

On the whole the historians of the literature are used to perceive only two principal literary courses, which seems to be the right partition - the realism and the romanticism. The realists, in short, adhere to the description of the reality of life, the life, the romanticist strives away from it - to the past, future, dreams. If we do not find the religious motives often in the works of the first course, because these authors do not ascend over portraying of the life's every-day, then in the works of the authors of the other course, we will always find the religious motives, because the romanticists, seeking for the meaning of life, unconsciously arrive at the point of view for the causes of all matters. The perception of Zenta

Maurina (Essays "The Spite"), is, that the art of romanticists without religion is not imaginable. In our literature even such pronounced realists as Saulietis, Brigadere, Blaumanis and others have religious motives.

In the romanticists lyrics there is especially great variety in the religious motives. About the religious experience of most of the Latvian lyrists, on the whole we can say the same as Z. Maurina has said about the romanticist's Fr. Barda religious experience (The Spite, 131.page), that in it we can perceive three traits - the ancient Latvian, the pantheistic and the Christian. This can be observed already in the works of the poets of national romanticism (Auseklis, Pumpurs), of philosophical romanticism (Poruks, Barda), and also the rest of the romanticists (Skalbe, Aspazija, Akuraters, and others).

The ancient Latvian feeling, which has been preserved to our days, expresses that, that God is the friend of men, kindly circumspect for nature and people, taking an active part in the lives of men, in directing their gaits. This inclination is characterized by Fr. Barda in these lines:

"And God Himself walks on the earth
In the soft, green footwear" or

"Until the Donor once will say
Will be enough, sufficient, friend."

Also K. Skalbe writes:

"God took me by the hand
And led me into the lovely forest,
Where the snow silver gleams."

Also in Aspazija's "The little burdock":

"The dear God has done him
In the pelt of needles."

In God's image there inevitably appears some symptoms of the ancient God, because in the Bible is given more abstract conception of God. In the Bible God is the Master, Father, in the Testament of John also - the Spirit, the Light, the Word. The only concrete indication is "God's chair of honour" (Math. 5:34,35; Acts 7:49). But the poet's fancy is always seeking for images instead of conceptions, and at the earliest they emerge in one's conscience from the ancient Latvian god's figure, thus originating such lines:

"Over the dark stubbles in the fall
You (God) go in a grey coat." (Fr. Barda)

To the Latvian poet, to whom the nature is near and who with the spirit of our folk-songs have still deepened this nearness to the nature, close seems also the philosophical course, which is being called the pantheism, therefore that is so distinctly pronounced in our lyrics.

To the pantheists God, world and nature is one and the same, The world is not created by God, but is eternal like God Himself, which comprises in every fact of the world. This is expressed in the poem of Fr. Barda "My God"

"Wherever my glances glide, wherever I turn my eyes -
In every place I perceive you."

"There is not a thing where you were not present!"

"Where the little lark sits at the end of the furrow
In the nest so soft - you sit beside him."

Thus the spirit of God is in every thing in the nature, therefore the whole creation is akin, the man is akin to plants and animals. That is expressed in the lines of Fr. Barda:

"Are not the wading peewits my woefull little sisters?
And the gay brother of mine, the blooming rose's branch?"

The same thought is in Skalbe's verse:

"My brother is bird in the forest
And fish in the vortex!"

God of the pantheist is different in many ways than the God of the Christian, but yet it is practically possible for a pantheist to follow also the Christian doctrine. And that is the way it is, because some of the poems of pantheists expresses distinctly the Christianity. (Fr. Barda - The House of God; The Song of Peace; David before Saul; The struggle with an angel). The same is with the poets of the national romanticism, in whom the attitude for pantheism and the antiquity of Latvians are very strongly perceiveable, yet there is no lack of Christianity either. Auseklis has a poem about the appearing of Christ to his two disciples and about the sinner. V. Mezezers (Majas Draugs, No.5) is mistaken, in calling Auseklis and Pumpurs the leaders of the struggle against the Church and the driver of the first furrow for the god-keepers. Each author must be discerned in connection with his era - that is the fundamental principle of the history of literature. The first collection of Auseklis's poems appears in 1873, only 5 years after the establishing of the Latvian cooperative society of Riga (1868) and the termination of the statute-labor (1867/68) when the Latvian intellect woke up for freedom.

Auseklis lived only for the idea of Latvian freedom, he did not have any other endeavours, only - his folk and his country. A year ago Kronvaldu Atis had accentuated there is no other more precious treasure than the Latvian folk, there is no other dearer language than the Latvian language. Auseklis is the most distinctive announcer of this national self-awareness. He never has started any reactionary movement against the Church, he only did not walk together with those pastors of German nationality, who scorned all that was Latvian. When living in our times, he could not have come to such situations.

Auseklis is also not our Julian Dissenter, who strove to revive our ancient religion. As the romanticist he is enthusiastic about the past, being aware though, that it is only the past now. He is raving about the ancient Latvian gods, as they reveal the Latvian ancient culture, just like some other poets are raving about the gods of the ancient Greeks, and ancient Romans. Auseklis is fully aware, that the nation does not have these gods anymore, and neither is he announcing their renewal. God-keepers have not built their doctrine upon the ideas of Auseklis, but directly on the sentiment expressed in our folklore, based on the research of the folk-songs. It is unnecessary to waste strength in the struggle against this movement, because numerously it is not large. It is hard to believe that the cultural modern man could seriously return to the polytheism. The polytheism is the childhood of the evolution of the religion. In loving the child, would we want him never to become a man? In loving our old myths, would we want that our souls would not feel greater spaciousness and depths in faith? Most of our writers, in using the figures of ancient Latvian gods in their poems, are conscious that they are using them only as atributes

Religious tendencies in Latvian lyrics (Cont'd)

of the ancient culture, nothing else.

The Christian God is perceptible in the works of many of our poets, all of them it is impossible to mention, therefore let it serve as an example only the most distinctive, like Blaumanis in "My prayer", where are these lines:

"Anoint my soul
The eternal Father
Thru and thru with the holy ardour of hanker."

More scarcely in our lyrics is mentioned Christ, however, those poems then really convince. K. Skalbe's "The festive Rose" concludes with words:

"I know also in your heart
Tonight the rose of Christ is blooming."

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Spectator

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

In America, people not only live but also study much differently then in Europe and particularly in Latvia. Knowing the Latvian inclination for learning, I hope the readers of the Friend of Home shall be interested in listening to some characteristics of the American universities. These characteristics I am going to show taking mainly as an example the University of Chicago, supposing that the picture in others would be the same.

It has been established by a religious organization at the end of the last century, when there were only about 20,000 inhabitants in Chicago. Growing together with the city, at present it teaches and trains about 8,000 students. It would be about the same amount as in the University of Latvia in its best years. Growing up also in the reputation of its scientific work, it apparently overshadows all the other universities of this city, namely the North Western University, which has 20,000 students, with its headquarters in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, the University of the State of Illinois, which has only a couple of faculties and a preparatory school in Chicago (most of the divisions are located out of the Chicago about 100 miles at Champaigne), and two Catholic universities Loyola and De Paul. It is not without reason that on the building of the laboratory of physics of the university of Chicago is fixed a metal plate with the inscription: "Here, on December 5, 1942 for the first time was put into effect the man controlled atomic energy of the so called chain reaction." -

On the other hand - this private university (as well as Harvard, Yale, Cornell a.o. famous "independent" schools) is very expensive. The tuition, including the charge for medical treatment in almost all divisions is $768 a year. It is quite a capital even in America and for a newcomer 4 - 5 months salary. This tuition is to be paid on quarterly terms.

The normal load of studies in a quarter of a year are 3 courses with 3 - 4 lessons a week each, so the lessons would take only 9 - 12 hours a week. In the conditions of Latvia such a small number of lessons would be beyond all belief. However, one should note one more characteristic, namely: the professor gives less lectures, he organizes more and leads the work of the undergraduate. The professor does not peel the kernel out of the science's shell, but expects that the undergraduate would do it himslef. The opinion is, that for this work an undergraduate

needs 40 hours a week. The professor gives the introduction - outlines the subject, the methods, points out the very important instruments which are necessary for successful studies, announces the list of literature which should be read, emphasizes the literature to which special attention should be paid, after each lesson assigns homework, collects it, corrects and utilizes them, answers the questions of the students. On the last day there is a written test which lasts 1 - 2 hours and where the student can use the help of the books read only to some extent. The second part consists of complicated questions. Here the students have to show their intelligence, the deeper understanding of the subject, the ability of not becoming confused even when the real life and the theoretical research put questions, which one would not expect from reading the prescribed books and while listening to the lectures. About 5% receive the mark "excellent" (A), about 15% - the mark B (good), about 60% - the mark C (satisfactory) a.s.f.

Almost all of the Chicago university buildings are built in the Gothic style. In the center of the university campus there is a park with a pole in its center and with the star spangled banner at its top. The buildings extend 16 blocks and seem almost like a special town where some of the buildings raise up to the 10th story. Above all, however, raises the church building of the university for the building of which Rockefeller once donated one and a half million dollars, with the condition that "the Church architecture shall govern all the surroundings and it shall express that the university in its aim will be led by the religious spirit." Each hour the chimes not only announces, how many times the clock has struck, but after it also plays some nice hymns or songs - the melodies of which have been familiar to the Americans for generations, for instance "Nearer, my God, to Thee", "The last rose of the Summer", a.s.o. It is especially impressive in the evening, when the lessons are over, and the park and the streets are empty and quiet. In listening to chimes one feels as if talking to God, as if hearing a piece of eternity.

Otherwise the university has lost its leading role in the religious aspect long ago. At the Chicago university there is a noticeable group of Lutherans. The Lutheran Church, however, has not been able to show its individuality deeply. Instead of that it has been done successfully at other institutions owned or supported by the Lutheran church, for instance at the university of Valparaiso, Indiana, St. Olaf's college at Northfield, Minnesota. The Gustaf Adolph College (St. Peter, Minn.), the Augsburg Coll. (Minneapolis, Minn.), Augustana Coll. (Rock Island, Illinois), Carthage Coll. (Carthage, Illinois), Luther Coll. (Decorah, Iowa), Wartburg Coll. (Waverly, Iowa) a.o. There the work day of the student begins with a common worship. There the Lutheran tradition has been kept in theology and music beside other sciences. These colleges in some respect are the forts of the North European Lutheran Church in America. St. Olaf's college even has its own radio broadcasting station and it conducts a radio school which broadcasts the lessons by means of the waves of the ether. At these colleges there the point of view is preached, that the real studies are the fruit of the living religion. These schools remind us, that the modern university has directly come from the shelter of the Church 500 years ago and that the science about man and nature has always been bound with the science of God.

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Pastor E. Kiploks

LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA

7. *** LUTHERAN CHURCH - MISSOURI SYNOD, of German origin, established in 1847. In 1839 led by Stephan the pastor of Dresden, in Missouri state there arrived 700 Saxons who associated with other Germans, who were in contact with Lehi (Loehe) the worker of the German Innermission in Neiendetelsau and in 1847 they established the common

synod. The group of Loehe withdrew already in 1853. Leader of many years of the Missouri synod was pastor K.F.W. Walther (1811-87), who guided it in an unalterably conservative spirit, secluding from any other Lutheran group, whose opinion was slightly different. IE might interest the Latvian reader, that the assistant to Walther many years was pastor Wilhelm Sihler (1801-85), who in time from 1838 to 1843 was active in Riga and Estonia and was a close friend to prof. Philippi of Terbata, who is of a great importance in fortification of the confessional spirit in the Baltic states. In gratitude to the well organized mission and confessional school the Missouri synod was growing rapidly, and until 1818 that was the largest Lutheran church in America. The synod took a very firm attitude against the free-masons and other similar organizations. Continuing the same attitude of Walther towards the other Lutherans, the Missouri synod cooperates with National Lutheran Council only on occasional questions. The Missouri Synod is organized into 34 districts, 3 of them in Canada and one each in Argentina and Brazil. It supports the free churches in Germany and elsewhere morally and materially (for example some little congregation in Estonia, which had separated from the Estonian Ev. Luth. Church). In Australia there is active an independent Missourian branch-church (Ev. Lutheran Church of Australia), which is also supporting some Latvian congregations. Like ULCA, also the synod supports the mission in foreign languages. For the Latvians in America, the Missouri synod is interested in since 1894, when pastor H. Rebane started his work. To the Missouri synod belongs the Latvian churches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto in Canada a.s.f. President: Rev. J.W. Behnken, D.D. - Office: 533 S. Kenilworth Ave., Oak Park, Ill., Official publications: The Lutheran Witness, Der Lutheraner and Concordia Theological Monthly.

8. *** JOINT SYNOD OF WISCONSIN AND OTHE STATES: of German origin, established in 1892 by the joining of three synods, first in a federation but since 1919 in union: 1. Wisconsin Synod, established in 1850, 2. Synod of Michigan, established in 1860, 3. Minnesota Synod, established in 1860.

In Wisconsin and Michigan settled Germans, who had left their home-country mainly because of political reasons. Contrary to their contemporaries in the Missouri state, they were very indifferent to religion. Active among them were employees from the mission society of Bazel, who established the first congregation in 1833 in Ann Arbor, Michigan. At first missionaries sent by Loehe were also working in Michigan. President: Rev. John Bremer. - Office: 1100 W. Territorial Road, Battle Creek, Mich.

9. *** NORWEGIAN SYNOD OF THE AMERICAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, established in 1918, by separating from the organized Norwegian Synods union (see 3), because they considered the organized synods far too rash in their actions and too indifferent in dogmatical points of view. President: Rev. A. Harstad. - Office: Route 1, Box 159, Princeton, Minn.

10. *** SLOVAK EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNOD, established in 1902. The Lutherans of Slovak nationality are cared for by Missouri synod in co-operation with this synod. About the Slovaks see also point 1. President: Rev. Paul Rafah. - Office: 25 Hillcrest Drive, Clyphant, Pa.

11. *** NEGRO MISSION, has grown out of the Missouri synods mission work among the Negroes.

12. * DANISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA (DELC), established in 1872, It has grown from the mission society founded by five Danish pastors sent to America by the Lutheran church in Denmark. It represents its traditions. It holds a free attitude towards the temporal culture. It is one of the most liberal groups among the American Lutherans. DELC is organized into 9 districts. President: Rev. Alfred Jensen. Office: 1232 Penn Ave., Des Moines, 16, Iowa.

Prof. L. Berzins

A FAMILIAR FACE

The reader, who follows the articles of MAJAS DRAUGS had surely noticed there the names of pastors and their addresses. When reading those he certainly remembers also some familiar and beloved men. I, however, shall not be wrong in saying, that there will not be too many names which would remind a familiar face so lively, as the name of dean Janis Ozols, and for several reasons. First the age. On July 5, dean Ozols looks back at the 75 fulfilled years of his life. During this long time dean Ozols (in Latvian: the oak tree) has had the opportunity of making roots in his congregation of Jaun-Piebalga and in wider circles. However, "not the number of years decide the value of the human life." It concerns also dean Ozols. His significance cannot be measured by the number of years only. We are delighted especially about his energy and activity, which characterize the long life of Ozols. He is a fisherman and gardener, if necessary, by the way a very good one. He is also an elementary teacher and above all - he is an outstanding pastor. A certain time he has done his work in Rujiena, then for many years in Jaun-Piebalga, later in Germany and at last in U.S.A. He has sudceeded in gathering and organizing a rather large group of Latvians at Grand Rapids. So the activity of Ozols has not diminished also in the last time.

Although God's providence has not foreseen for Ozols the 75th anniversary at the banks of Gauja, he can be sure, that the people who once lived at the banks of Gauja whether here or at home, and even in the uncertain places of Siberia will remember him even being separated by thousands of miles. Nevertheless, not the people of Gauja only, by his peaceloving spirit and restless energy he has gained connections and friends among all Latvians. On July 9, the 75th anniversary many Latvians will remember him not only as a familiar but also as a beloved face.

* * *

ON GOD'S MOUNTAIN

Desiring the golden bird Morning lifted up Night's covering continuously. This time the spot was well observed. This time he should succeed. As usually having swung all the day in the heavenly tree the golden bird fell down unto the mount Sinai yesterday, and Night immediately covered it with her dark wrap. Nevertheless, Morning would not be Morning when leaving the golden bird in Night's possession. He begged and threatened. The Wind of the Desert, the romp, carried him over the desert and an old fisherman's heavy boat - over the river. At last he was there and seized with his finger-tips as if fearing stain himself lifted up the worn and rather dirty Night's cape.

He knew this place. He had been there alreadybefore. And where Morning has not been! - In the mountains? Ha, if there is any home for him, it is on the mountains. And in the valleys? Of course, also in the valleys. Sitting on the marble cornice of the fountains in the kings' palaces he sneers: Don't you see yourselves, it is wild goose chase, you cannot reach the sky. And the jets, never growing weary in their upward motion, usually give him the same answer: Don't say so. You don't loose anything when you try. - In the poor man's field he comforts the frail ears. - How could we be - they usually reply when hearing Morning's "how are you." We just are the petty ears of the poor man's field. And now is Morning's turn to say: Don't say so! Also the poor man needs his daily bread and he is thankful even for a thin slice of bread.

Certainly Morning had been on God's mountain also. However, he hardly recognized it now. There was no sign of the usual order. In lifting the Night's cover higher and higher something like a room was revealed which the possessor had left in a hurry, and before his leaving had searched for, let us say, his signet-ring. As pulled out drawers, wide splits opened in the rocks. Big stones were flung like overthrown tables

and like a piece of clothes being carelessly thrown away a reddish-brown edge of a rock hung over a deep ravine in the branches of a dry tree, almost outrooted of the ground. The earth-quake! If there is any place where a living creature need God's protection when the earth quakes - it is on the mountains. - Wasn't there a motion, however, in this gloomy hall of stones? Wasn't it the golden bird? - When looking for somebody,when thinking about somebody, we see him everywhere. - Morning was thinking about the golden bird. Perhaps the bird's golden wings are broken! Perhaps it is injured! Carefully Morning lifts up the Night's wrap higher and higher. No. It is a man asleep. He is it who has moved while sleeping. For what is a man looking here in the mountains? There is neither green nor shelter, there is nothing - especially for such an old man as the sleeper. His right place were at home in bed. One cannot understand those men, Morning thinks, holding the Night's cover in his outstreched hands. - When the earth quakes, when the sea is rough, when the winds of the desert are howling and whirling - an animal would seek refuge into its hole, fish would dive into the depth of the sea and it is hard to find a living creature in the desert even when the waather is fine; a human being, however, climbs the mountains, sits down in a small boat or walks toward the desert as if only waiting for it. But while these Morning's considerations - sff, ssfff, ssfff! the golden wings carry the golden bird up onto the heavenly tree. It is not yet on the top of the tree - no, not that high! - it still is on one of the lower branches, but, who would try to get it now!

"All right," says Morning throwing away the Night's cape carelessly. "Patch it up, aunt Night, or rather buy a new one." And with light steps he walks down the mountain.

Slanting its head from the heavenly tree the bird looks down at him. "How foolish this Morning," thinks the golden bird. "Why should he catch me! What shall he do having caught me? My place is here, on the heavenly tree. - And the humans, however, more sensible. They do not try to catch me, oh no, but they are not satisfied either: some time I seem to be too high, sometime - too low; they are longing for me, waiting for me, but after a while they grumble at me. Look even this old man. What will he say waking up and seeing me already on the heavenly tree? - Morning is right. There is nothing to look for to such an old man. And what is he holding there pressing against his breast even in the sleep? Is it a child?"

The golden bird scratches itself, turns to the one side and to the other and soars up to a higher branch. So, now one can see better. No, it is not a child. They are two stony plates that he is pressing against his breast! The golden bird slants its head, looks at the face of the old man and continues the same Morning's thought about the inexplicable human beings. Morning and the golden bird are old friends. They even know each other's thoughts.

At last the heavy eye-lids of the sleeper raise. "How high the sun is already in the skys! he exclaims,wants to stand up, but remembers both tablets of stone and remains sitting.

"Didn't I say!" thinks the golden bird angrily. "He isn't satisfied either, So let me see what has happened to my old friend Morning." And the golden bird flies up one branch higher...

The old man wipes off his forehead with the upper part of his palm and, having made a look around, says: How mighty are Thy works, O God, and... how holy Thy commandments." Having said these words he does not see either the sun or the mountains. As if bound his eyes remain to the carefully smothered stony plates. So a bridegroom looks at his bride, and a fortune-teller in his holy signs. A bridegroom this old man could hardly be. Is he a fortune-teller?

"Joshua!" he suddenly gives a shout as if throwing a stone and his voice falls down into the near ravine. "Joshua-a!" "Yes, sir!" after a while a scarcely audible answer comes up.

The old man watches his stones again. It seems there is a rent in one corner. T sinewy hand sweeps with its thumb over the endangered spot carefully: no, it is onl a dark stripe. "Josh... Oh, you are already here. Now, why do you stare at me? Dont't you recognize me?"

"Yes and no," replies a slender youth, who had climbed out of the ravine a good while ago. "I am wondering that you are still safe after that terrible earth quake. If you had not spoken to me - I wouldn't have recognized you. Moses, your forehead is shining, your eyes are beaming... Lord, should I throw myself upon my face and worship you?"

"Joshua!" says Moses again and his voice bites like a nettle. "Don't you know that the L rd God is the only one whom you should worship. Come in, have a look!" Hesitating and protecting his eyes with his elbow the servant and the pupil at the same time approaches his master sideways.

"Come, closer!" says Moses impatiently."Come and stand beside me. Now, what do you see?" "A writing... it is a writing" whispers the youth. "And I thought..."

"And you thought?"

"I thought it was a picture."

"It is God's ten commendments," Moses says, "if you like, also a picture, a wonderful picture. I have looked at it for hours and now I am going to show it to my people down there. Do you hear how does it sound: I am the Lord Thy God! I... Not the Pharaoh of Egypt, who is in a good mood to-day and in a bad one tomorrow, not a man, who has friends and enemies, neither a miserable graven image made with hands. The God's people... God's congregation, like a log at a log - God's temple... Getting up in the morning they utter their God's holy name, the creator of heaven and earth and looking for rest in the evening they proclaim His wonders. On six days they labour, on the seventh, remembering their slavery, they say even to a stranger, who passing by has stopped for a while at their gate: Come and be our guest. Today is the day of our Lord. Wonderful things our Lord has accomplished for us. Take a seat and listen. - The stranger takes a seat. The children are crowding together, as well as the whole family. Both the men-servants and the women-servants in their Sunday clothes are gathering and the fathers relate about God their Lord and His grace. - We were slaves, they say, but God brought us out of the cellar of the prison of our slavery. There were moments when there was no way neither backwards nor forward. There was a sea in front of us. Could we walk into the sea? Could we swim across the sea? Behind us - a galloping army with uplifted spears and with chains hundred times heavier than the previous ones. The children wept. The women wailed. The men stood pale, with trembling lips. There was no way out, but God parted the waters into two and made a way across the sea. With dry feet we came on shore across the sea. - God was our light in the night and our guide in the day. When we were hungry he fed us as a father setting a table for His children even in the wilderness. When we were thirsty he made a spring of water even out of a rock... Joshua, you are right. It is a picture... The children honor their parents and the brother loves his brother. If there is an argument between the brothers, if the hatred flashes up if a hand is raised the Law of the Lord comes like an angel with an uplifted sword and stands in the way of the man who has become blind because of his anger: Thou shalt not kill. If the evil is tempting, the Lord Himself in his Law is near at hand and says: Thou shalt not... That all is written here, says Moses, raising up his head and staring

at the youth. "Do you see now?"

"And you did it, Moses? You wrote it?"

"I? who am I! The Lord wrote it and sealed it with His seal. Look: I am the Lord thy God - says He who has sealed it - thou shalt have no other gods before me... Come, help me to stand up."

"You wouldn(t mind if I am going to carry them. They are too heavy for you," says the youth.

"No, no, I'll do it myself. Thus much I can."

The mountain path is quite steep here, and Moses has to lean against either the rocky wall or upon the hand of his servant but he does not let out of his hands the stony books. A faint roaring, like a roaring of a remote cascade or sea - is coming up from the valley.

"It is war", says Joshua getting pale and making a stop. "Our folks have been attacked."

After listening a while, Moses shakes his head. "No, it does not sound like the roaring of a battle. It is rejoicing," - and like a bee in the blossom - a slight smile falls into his eye-lids. - They are waiting for me with cheers, he thinks. All these forty days and nights which I have been here on God's mountain in earthquake and in listening to God, they have been worrying about me, they have thought about me and now they feel my coming... "Let us go!" Moses says aloud, and Joshua is embarrassed once more how can this old man change. A while before he still was a man who was to be supported and held, now - it is hard to reach him.

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So comes down to his folks a great prophet, chosen by God and there are few who would accompany him. His face is beaming, his eyes are smiling: he hears already the cheers of his people. He presses against his bosom his child - his work. He has found it. He has talked to God in person. He has heard God's voice in a gentle breeze and in earthquake. Come in, he shall say. Look, what I have found. It isn't mine. It was given to me, and I give it to you. Come and drink! Come and eat, my unfortunate my poor in ignorance and darkness-raised up brethren. I know you have many faults and deficiencies. You are sinful. We all are sinful. Nevertheless how much of good have you seen? A man shall see a little bit good for being good. A man first shall know what is good, and only then can you ask should he be good. Be patient for a little while more, I am coming...

So descended even the Son of God Himself from the mount of Heaven and the sun was soaring above His head like a bright golden bird. O.G.

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BOOK FOR OUR FRIENDS AND - US.

To the editorial office has been delivered a book by the author Alberts Kalme translated to the English language "Total Terror", which the American publication (Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York), respecting the seclusion of the stage of the past 10 years since the first Baltic mass deportation, has published in the sign of this anniversary of sad memories.

Book for our friends and - us. (Cont'd)

This book, however, is not the first which proclaims to the Americans the Baltic tragedy - let us just remember the many publishings by the late ambassador Dr. Bilmanis, not counting the works of other authors - yet, in regard to its form, contents, arrangement and circumference extent, this is the first, which so conceiveably and at the same, I would like to add, in an American way tells about the disast of our people in those bygone 10 years.

In 14 chapters, more than 300 pages, author describes the Bolsheviks' treacherous invasion, the destruction of economical and constitutional regime and its consequences with collectivizations, pauperization, and with the uttermost leading of Baltic people into the slavery, the chapters about the NKVD and its methods, and fubthermore also about the GESTAPO activity in Baltic states, it reads as interesting as a novel, unfortunately it declares too sad a truth, because it portrays the author's own experiences and feelings in 1940 and the persecutions of Russian communists and German nazis in the following years. In the concluding chapters of the book are portrayed the activities of the partisans after Bolshevists' second return. And based upon the deserters' testimonies, and on the news secretly sent over and also on the occupants own publications, after decoding their real meaning, it tries to show the present unenviable situation of the Baltic people in the home-country, as well as in the deportation in Russia, and the death-camps in Siberia and elsewhere in Asia.

As in eveyy work of a larger scale, also in A. Kalme's book one or two imperfections or mistakes could be indicated, but that does not minimize the value of this truly advisable book. In case it would turn out that the book would see another edition or would be translated into another foreign language, it would be adviseable to expatiate upon the Bolshevists' price system with the State's regulated and "free market" deviations a little more carefully, because the American reader, who would compare, for example, the price and wage enumeration, found on page 24, definitely will not be able to orient himself and at the end would come to wrong conclusion. Furthermore it is not exactly right, that in the time of German occupation the University could have been able to renew the activity of the Theological faculty closed by communists; officially and with difficulties, the permission was granted only for the activity of the Theological academy. An unpleasant mistake has crept in about one of our former ministers of Latvia in the enumeration of the victims in German concentration camps. The author's mentioned, state employee, as is known by everyone is among the living and to-day is living in U.S.A. Much attention by the author has been dedicated to the persecutions of church in the times of Bolsheviks as well as Germans, which is obvious by the collected material of figures and the attempt to give the summary about the victims of the terror among the clergymen. It seems, though, that in this respect, at least about the Ev. luth. church of Latvia the author's materials had been of a fragmentary nature, because the Latvian Ev. Luth Church in the times of communists as well as the Germans has been afflicted considerably heavier than it is shown in the book of Kalme, but perhaps about that we will read sometime in the future in another edition.

We must give this book in the hands of our American friends; it definitely will help them to look deeper into the true face of communists; but also it is adviseable for ourselves to read it, for it will help to remind us of our duties towards our people who remained in the home-country and our deported brothers and sisters. Indirectly it will be also the plea to our conscience, to consider seriously to prevent the observed negative facts and inclinations and never to forget the gratitude toward God for the rescue from the terror, which now again has been called so vividly to our memory by this book. J.S.

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Published by: NATIONAL LUTHERAN COUNCIL, 327 So.La Salle St., Chicago 4, Illinois. For the spiritual care of Latvians of Lutheran faith, recently resettled in the U.S. For information write to the above address. Attention: Latvian Paper.